

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 35 No. 9

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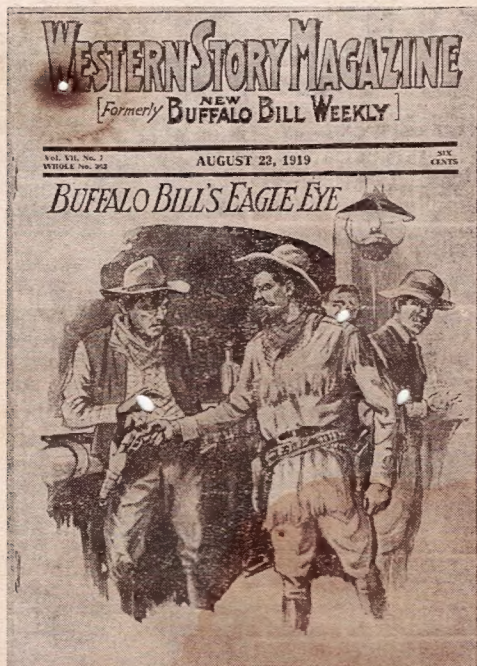
Whole No. 408

## The Anatomy of Dime Novels

#5 The Firefighters

By J. Edward Leithead

(Conclusion)



### DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 81 WESTERN STORY MAGAZINE

This series was short lived in dime novel format, lasting only 8 issues, July 12, 1919, through Aug. 30, 1919. With the 9th issue it became a pulp and as such lasted into the late 30's. It was a continuation of New Buffalo Bill Weekly and was of the same size, 7¼x11 with 32 pages with an excellent colored cover illustration. The stories were reprints of the earlier Buffalo Bill Stories.



## The Anatomy of Dime Novels

### #5 The Firefighters

By J. Edward Leithead

(Conclusion)

93—Young Wide Awake Beating the Flames, or, The Fire at the Gas Works.

94—Young Wide Awake's Battle for Life, or, Facing a Forlorn Hope.

95—Young Wide Awake's Defiance, or, The Bravest Deed on Record.

96—Young Wide Awake and the Hose Slashers, or, Scaling a Wall of Fire.

97—Young Wide Awake's Greatest Peril, or, Locked in a Burning Building. Cover illustration shows interior section of a wholesale grocery warehouse, the fire they are fighting having caught Wide and two other Belmont firemen between it and heavy doors locked on the far side. Minus their fire-axes to batter down this barrier, they have slanted a heavy plank on some barrelheads and are preparing to roll other barrels down this inclined board to smash open the barred doors. Trot, the spotted coach dog, is trapped with them, barking excitedly (the dog was in the pictures quite often). Caption: "The fire back of them had cut off all chance of escape. All hope was centered on the doors against which their energies had seemed useless. Only one plan was yet untried, hurling the weight of moving barrels against the heavy doors."

98—Young Wide Awake's Nerve, or, Fire-fighting Against Big Odds. Cover illustration shows hallway of a dwelling with flames leaping up the stair-well, one fireman knocked out on the carpeted floor, another, unconscious, slung over the shoulder of a

man in a checked suit, his look and actions those of a maniac as he heads for the fire-gutted stairs. Wide is jumping from behind to pull both men back, has his speaking trumpet poised to batter the madman down. Caption: "Rushing back to the stairway, Dick's nerves were almost shattered by the scene. Crazy with fear, his eyes, keenly bright, evidencing insanity, a man was just bearing Ted into the seething furnace below. Wide leaped at the fellow and fought him back."

99—Young Wide Awake's Trumpet Call, or, A Bold Fight to Save a Life.

100—Young Wide Awake and the Blind Girl, or, The Fire at the Asylum.

101—Young Wide Awake in a Snare, or, Putting Out a Dozen Fires. Cover illustration shows interior of a barn with fire shooting up from an empty stall and Captain Dick Halstead is lashed to an upright near the blaze, watching anxiously as Terry battles some husky barn-burners to get to his captain. Caption: "Terry rushed into the row of stalls. Wide was securely tied to a post! Suddenly three orms leaped out. Grabbing up Dick's trumpet, Terry floored one just as he was seized from behind by a pair of sinewy arms, feeling himself in the grip of a powerful man."

102—Young Wide Awake at the Burning Bridges, or, Baffling the "Brotherhood of Vengeance."

103—Young Wide Awake Saving a Million Dollars, or, The Mystery of a Bank Blaze.

104—Young Wide Awake's Boy

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Helpers, or, The Young Volunteers of Belmont.

105—Young Wide Awake's Terror, or, Brave Work in a Burning Coal Mine.

106—Young Wide Awake's Race With Death, or, Battling With the Elements.

107—Young Wide Awake's Courage, or, The Capture of the "Norwich Six."

108—Young Wide Awake's Little Pard, or, The Boy Hero of the Flames.

I want to make two quotes from this number, one concerning the cover illustration, which is best described by the author and is a good example of rescue work under hazardous conditions, where one slip would be fatal.

First, the Belmont fire boys responded to an alarm:

"Clang! Clang! Over the city of Belmont broke the ominous ring of firebells. It was midday on the spring-time, and the thoroughfares of the town were crowded with a curious, sightseeing, busy, buying and loafing throng of people gathered from all parts of this section of the State.

"The call was for Washington No. 1 Fire Company, the dashing young volunteer fire-fighters of Belmont, composed of boys and very young men—a company which had fought for and won its spurs on many a fiery field.

"Eighteen box!" called out Joe Darrell, as several of the boys raced into the engine-house to don their uniforms, and he caught sight of the Captain, Dick Halstead.

"When the ring of the running-bells of the company resounded along the streets, the curbs became lined with an excited multitude, all anxious to know the location and magnitude of the blaze.

Young Wide Awake, as Captain Dick Halstead was much better known, ran in the lead of his boys, watching with a wary eye for any obstructions which might suddenly loom in front of them out of the motley array of wagons and buggies and horses and people. A trading day in Belmont was not a comfortable day for fire-running.

"Keep to the right!" he bellowed through his trumpet, catching sight of several farmers turning out of a side street into Main Street and taking the side on which the firemen were running at top speed.

"Barely quickly enough to avoid a costly collision, the farmers turned to the opposite side of the street, and the boys dashing past, their fire-fighting machines coming dangerously close to the farm wagons.

"Gee! It's sure wan daisy!" cried Terry Rourke, as they spied the black smoke rolling up through the trees.

"They were west of Main Street, in a thickly populated part of the city . . . The streets were lined on either side with large sycamores and maples, these shutting out from view of the firemen the exact extent of the fire; but the black and gray smoke rolling above the treetops and houses was presage of a hard fight.

"Take the hose past there and make the next plug!" yelled Wide, as he measured the extent of the blaze by guess, discounting the volume of smoke and looking for the location of the nearest fire-plug.

"Here it is! Here it is!" went up the cry of excited neighbors who stood in the street and along the sidewalk, watching the fire and the coming of the company. The boys went dashing past the place (toward the plug indicated by Halstead).

"Wheel!" came the quick order of Hal Norton (lieutenant of the fire company), and the boys instantly whirled in their tracks, facing the fire again.

"Unreel!" came his next order, and the boys started on the run; Terry, with a quick movement, brought off the end of the hose, two others grabbed it and carried it quickly to the plug."

Now the hazardous rescue (this is the second fire at the same house). Dick is up on the second floor, leaning out of a window—smoke is seeping from a third floor window—when he hears someone call him from the crowd in the street. It is Kitty Lester, his sweetheart. She is waving a hand-



kerchief, pointing to the upper floor:

"Leaning farther out of the window, he saw in the window above a girl's form. He saw the window already raised, saw the girl struggle to it, and then, with a scream of fear and weakness, fall prone across the sill, her head hanging out of the window . . . heavy smoke was booming and rolling to show that fire was near! She must be brought down from there and quickly!

"Almost on the instant, like many of the flashes to action which came to Dick in moments of greatest peril, the plan crossed his mind! 'The rope!' he demanded, turning quickly to Terry, who stood beside him.

"Taking it from the Irish lad, he threw it around Skip (the orphan boy adopted by the firemen), fastened it about his little pard's waist, and pointed to the sill overhead.

"Skip, it's dangerous, but you're going up there after her. You've got to lift her off, keep your balance, and bring her down to us. We'll help. Understand?"

"With only a nod, the boy stepped to the sill of the second story window and waited for the next move.

"Reach up there and grab the top of that window!" ordered Dick, leaning out to get his bearings.

"Pushed upward by Dick and Terry, Skip grasped hold of the ledge above the window and dangled in the air for an instant. It was only an instant, though, for Dick was moving with speed and accuracy . . . Stepping into the window, he balanced himself outside, and allowed Skip to rest one foot on his shoulder.

"Grab me around the waist!" he ordered Terry, who stood in the window below him.

"It was a moment when everyone stood still. All talk in the street ceased. All eyes were turned toward the three boys in the window."

Caption beneath the cover illustration:

"Standing on the window-sill, Wide was braced by the arms of Terry. Skip, with the rope tied to his waist, mounted Halstead's shoulders, and

reached the open upper window where lay the senseless girl. The crowd below cheered Wide's little pard.

"Steady, Skip!" called Wide, holding fast to the boy's legs and giving encouragement by a gentle pressure on them. 'Have you got her?'

"Yep," came a muffled reply, and Dick felt the pull of the boy as he strained to lift the girl from the sill; then came a moment of balancing, and he swayed in midair while he brought the added weight above him to an even balance on his shoulders.

"Steady, boy!" he called again, and slowly bent beneath the double weight, endeavoring to bring the center of gravity nearer to the window in which he stood.

"Terry's arms were slipping slowly up from Wide's waist until they reached his shoulders. The crowd below was yelling like mad as Skip held the girl in his arms, looking neither up nor down, to the left nor to the right. The little mascot of the Washington Company was waiting for the movements of those below—and he trusted in them.

"Slowly, an age it seemed to the boys on the second floor of that burning building, they lowered the senseless girl to the window and then she was passed through. During these minutes a ladder had been gotten ready by the firemen below, and now it was shot up to the second story window.

"Dick grabbed the girl in his arms, placed his feet on the ladder when it had barely touched the house, and climbed rapidly down to the ground, hurrying with her through the crowd to a neighbor who lived across the street and who took Dick by the sleeve as soon as he touched terra firma.

"Call the doctor!" he ordered quickly, and someone ran to the nearest telephone . . ."

109—Young Wide Awake's Fiery Duel, or, Teaching the Neptunes a Lesson.

110—Young Wide Awake and the Old Vet, or, Working Shoulder to Shoulder.



111—Young Wide Awake's Dangerous Deal, or, The Only Chance for Life.

112—Young Wide Awake and the Factory Boys, or, The Feat That Made Him Famous. Cover illustration shows stone-walled basement of factory, with flames in the offing yet evidently threatening the boys in working clothes who are streaming down a stairway to where Wide stands with a lantern at an open trap in the floor. Caption: "This way, boys!" shouted Wide, as he held up the lantern and beckoned to the panic-stricken crowd. 'Here is your only chance for life!' Down through the trap-door hurried the factory boys, one after another, yelling like mad."

113—Young Wide Awake's Secret Enemies, or, The Plot to Destroy a City.

114—Young Wide Awake's Sudden Fear, or, The Fireman's Trick That Won the Day.

115—Young Wide Awake and the Wreckers, or, Saving the Government Mail.

116—Young Wide Awake's Plucky Drive, or, Bridging a Chasm of Fire.

117—Young Wide Awake and the Briber, or, The Test That Makes a Man.

118—Young Wide Awake's Artful Dodge, or, Placing Enemies on the Defense.

119—Young Wide Awake Solving a Mystery, or, Hunting Down the Fire Thieves.

120—Young Wide Awake's Drawn Battle, or, Breaking Even With the Neptunes.

121—Young Wide Awake in a House of Death, or, The Mystery of a Big Blaze.

122—Young Wide Awake and the "Night Prowlers", or, The Fire at the Cartridge Works.

123—Young Wide Awake's Wild Ride, or, Fighting Fire in Lincoln.

124—Young Wide Awake's Closest Call, or, The Blaze at Riverside Inn.

125—Young Wide Awake's Gritty Battle, or, Fighting Down a Hotel Fire.

126—Young Wide Awake's Heroism,

or, The State Firemen's Tournament.

127—Young Wide Awake's Latest Recruit, or, Snatching His Captain from Death.

128—Young Wide Awake and the "Sylvia," or, Saving Life on the River

129—Young Wide Awake's Leap in the Dark, or, Capturing the "League of 3."

130—Young Wide Awake's Hazard, or, Stopping a Theatre Fire.

131—Young Wide Awake Off His Guard, or, Caught in a Warehouse Blaze.

132—Young Wide Awake's Best Deed, or, Saving the Life of His Sweetheart.

133—Young Wide Awake's Deadly Peril, or, Good Work at an Insane Asylum.

134—Young Wide Awake's Struggle in the Dark, or, Trapped in a Flooded Cellar.

135—Young Wide Awake's Swift Run, or, Saving the Midnight Express.

136—Young Wide Awake's Last Chance, or, Rescued from Certain Death.

The boy firemen stories concluded in Wide Awake Weekly with No. 136, the most important contribution to this class of story in dime novels. The illustrated covers, too, were all excellent and by the same artist whose work for Tousey publications was so outstanding; yet, so far, he remains unknown to us. No. 137 was Dick Daresome's Schooldays, or, The Victory of the New Boy, by "Frank Forrest," beginning a series of school and athletic stories which lasted until July 2, 1909, the final issue being No. 168.

I said earlier I would mention the single fireman story I have in Brave and Bold, No. 272, Always on Duty, or, The Life of a New York Fireman, by John De Morgan (real name). De Morgan specialized in Revolutionary War stories (some of them in Street & Smith's Boys of Liberty Library and reprinted in Brave and Bold and a cloth-bound edition by David McKay), but he could write other kinds like most dime novel authors, and this story of a young New York City



fireman was good. Cover illustration by Charles L. Wrenn shows skyscraper in the foreground (and similar tall buildings in the background), and from a window of the most prominent two firemen are each grasping a boot-tied leg of the young hero, suspended head-down, who is lifting an unconscious small girl, about seven or eight, from the smoke-filled window directly below. In the street are the tiny figures of firemen with hose-lines criss-crossing the asphalt. Caption: "The two firemen held Verner's legs while he hung down to the window below. Seizing the little girl from the leaping flames he swung her in safety to the men above him."

Before writing "The End" I would like to add, for the record, the two titles of firemen stories published in All Around Weekly:

2—Stand Together, or, The Young Firemen of Cointon. By Harry Lake-land.

27—The Hook and Ladder Boys, or, The Best Firemen in Town. By Lake-land.

The End

### NOTES

John C. Kunzog, a member of the Roundup has published a biography of Dan Rice, the great circus clown of the 19th century. Excellently written with numerous illustrations, it is well worth the price of \$8.00. Mr. Kunzog has titled his book THE ONE HORSE SHOW. It is available from Mr. Kunzog, at 36 Norton Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

SAINT MAGAZINE for December will carry an article by W. O. G. Lofts entitled SEXTON BLAKE. The December issue will probably hit the newsstands during October.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. LeBlanc: Bill Gander died suddenly on July 26 which is a tremendous loss to us all. This means the end of the wonderful Story Paper Collector which you will agree was a real work of art. No collector could have done more to interest our hobby than Bill, when one thinks that he

produced this for 95 issues and all free, including postage. Apart from that, being a real good friend, the hobby once again has suffered a great blow. But I suppose that we will carry on as of yore, and life goes on the same old way. Bill was born in Croydon, England, and immigrated to Canada in 1911. He was 67 years old.—W. O. G. Lofts, London, England. (Bill's loss will be felt by all dime novel collectors as well as the collectors of the English oys' story papers. I counted him among my very best friends.)

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### WANTED

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**WILLIAM B. McCAFFERTY,  
DIME NOVELIST****By Gerald J. McIntosh**

It has now been more than three years since one of our better known members of the Round-Up crossed the Great Divide and "went west." I refer to Wm. B. McCafferty of Texas, an old-timer of the West. I never met Mr. McCafferty and feel I am the poorer for not having done so. He once advertised in the Round-Up for a certain book, a copy of which I had, and I wrote him in regard to it but got no reply.

Evidently, Mr. McCafferty was a nickel and dime novel lover and follower of the old school. He turned, I think, to those of a western theme, Young Wild West, Buffalo Bill, Diamond Dick, Young Rough Riders' Weekly, etc., and the kind. But he was also presumably a lover of Tip Top and the Merriwells. This fact would have made he and I have much in common.

He showed up in "Happy Hours," Ralph Smith's Magazine, as early as 1928, being a member of the Happy Hours Brotherhood, and was in and out of the magazine until Ralph let it fold. He produced several interesting short stories for the Magazine, most of them being about real characters and their deeds in the West, supposedly true stories at that.

In Happy Hours No. 33 for May-June, 1930, Ralph Smith makes mention of a fact that caused the idea for this "story" to be born. Mr. McCafferty had written and had published a poem on the front page of the Denver Post Magazine Section for March 30, 1930, a poem that concerned the passing from the scene of the wild west characters in the nickel novels and this one related particularly to Young Wild West and his companions in the old Frank Tousey weekly publication, Young Wild West Weekly.

At that time Ralph promised his readers he would publish the poem in Happy Hours Magazine, but he never did do so, or at least I never saw it

in his Mag. I thought Round-Up readers might like to read it, so I am sending it in for publication in case it is deemed fit. (Hi, Ralph, way up there in Lawrence! Haw-y'ar? I visited back in Bromide last May.—Jerry Mack).

Tousey's Wild West Weekly containing the stories of Young Wild West and his companions written by Cornelius Shea had faded from the picture several years prior to the writing of this poem and Pluck & Luck with an occasional story by "An Old Scout" who I have heard was also Cornelius Shea, had not so long past had made its last dying gasp. Street & Smith had taken over a Tousey publication or two and had started Wild West Weekly in a 10c pulp form and was now going strong with the adventures of Billy West and his pards, who were counterparts of Young Wild West and his partners in the Wild West Weekly of Frank Tousey. Cleve Endicott wrote these stories of Billy West and someone told me they were re-writes and reprints of the adventures of Young Wild West. I never read many of the stories of Young Wild West in Tousay's Wild West Weekly, but did read quite a few of the Billy West yarns in S & S's "thick pulp" Wild West Weekly and I thought they were pretty good reading.

Mr. McCafferty must have been in a decidedly reminiscent and jovial mood, and meditating on the matter, wrote out this little poem which I think is worthy of being read by all Round-Uppers who haven't seen it. The Denver Post had quite a circulation in those days, but not all of us got a chance to see it every week.

With this poem there was a painted drawing in colors almost the full size of the page, size about 14x14 inches. At that time Paul Gregg was a staff artist with the Denver Post. For a year or more his great drawings on the West and Old West featured the front page of the Magazine section, more than one of them suggestive of the western nickel and dime novel theme. This is a great one of his and



I wouldn't take a "purty" for it.

I kept his entire set of drawings, lo, all these many years, but—. There is always that eventual word "but." When the Cow Boy Hall of Fame with its connecting Western Heritage Center Library with all things western and of the old wild west in literature and paintings, etc., was opened more than a year ago, I presented this set to them, along with a few duplicates of some old western nickel and dime novels I had, with much other stuff of that nature I had, which will help researchers in future years. But I kept this one item on Young Wild West and his pard. (There is also in the Library a set of the Happy Hours Brotherhood western nickel and dime novels put out by Ralph Cummings back in the 1940's and the entire set of the later reprints of the Dime Novel Club headed by Charlie Bragin. Charlie presented them recently.

The scene in the picture shows Young Wild West a-top a low mesa dressed in his buckskins mounted on "Spitfire" turning in his saddle with his sombrero in his hand and waving us a fond adieu. Preceding him in front and riding down the hill on the opposite side on their "way west" with backs to us in the fading sunset are his faithful companions of the trail, Jim Dart, Cheyenne Charlie, and the two Chinks, Hop Wah and Wing Wan.

The other poem by Mr. McCafferty to which I have referred is the one by him titled "Mr. Merriwell." In the early part of 1941 when the book, "Mister Frank Merriwell," by Gilbert Patten, appeared, it did not meet with much favor by the old time readers who had read of Frank's adventures in the old Tip Top Weekly. Patten tried to portray Frank in a modern day and life as it was being lived in the 1940's decade. It wasn't much of a success and did not go over with the readers who had worshipped their hero in the pages of "An Ideal Publication For The American Youth." In his poem, Mr. McCafferty in mild but no uncertain terms showed his

disapproval of the book, and it was well expressed. There are a lot of Round-Uppers yet who read the book, this writer being one of them and I am in hearty accord with Mr. McCafferty. There would be no point in re-printing this poem again, but if some did not read it they can do so in Round-Up No. 111 for Nov.-Dec. 1941. Well worth reading.

Mr. McCafferty was presumably a member of our present day brotherhood from its beginning. (This writer wasn't but I have secured and read every number of the Magazine from No. 1). I remember his name as being on the annual membership constantly up to his death. He wrote some interesting news for our Magazine. And I remember one number prior to his death in which he advertised some of the early rare numbers of Tip Top for sale.

The phrase "gone west" was revived during World War One, or, at least, came into common use during that great conflict. It means "gone into death" or, "into oblivion"; life's day has come to its close and the great journey is done. So when we consider the passing of the great multitude of "boys' books" and take notice that a favorite in our boyhood days has joined that departing company, we sing:

### GONE WEST

I bend my gaze on the purpling sky,  
And thru the shadows I descry  
A group of horsemen far away,  
Faint and dim in the dying day.

In friendly manner—side by side  
These spectral horsemen slowly ride.  
I watch them so, till my eyelids fail,  
Over the "covered wagon" trail.

They'll come no more—they'll ne'er  
return—

Their further history none may learn.  
They travel the long, long western  
road

To the phantom land and the ghosts'  
abode.

They've left the living to join the  
dead—

These noble souls of whom we read



In golden hours of boyhood days—  
I see them now in the sun's last rays.  
They halt a moment on the hillock's  
crest—

Five faithful friends with Young Wild  
West;

They're looking back at me—at you—  
Wave them, oh friend, your last adieu!  
They've served us well, their day is  
done,

And now they ride to the setting sun:  
They travel the long, long western  
road

To the phantom land and the ghosts'  
abode.

William Burton McCafferty died at  
Waxahachie, Texas, June 4, 1963, his  
low number of 24 on the member list  
indicated he had long been a member  
of the Round-Up. May his soul rest in  
Peace!

The End

#### A DIME NOVEL READER'S SCRAP BOOK

##### ADVICE TO A SON WHO IS ABOUT TO GO ON HIS OWN

(From Harry Harefoot, by J. H. In-  
gram, Gleason's 25c Novels, 1845)

"Now my son," said he (the father)  
as they walked along the street, "you  
ought to be very thankful that you  
have got a situation, and one in so  
respectable a store. I have heard of  
Mr. Cushing, and know him to be in  
good society here. The conditions he  
proposes are better than I expected,  
it will make you nearly independent  
of me. Two suits of clothes, one for  
summer and one for winter, will be  
sufficient for you with proper care."

"But I shall have no money, sir."

"Money! You will want no money!  
Haven't I taken you to the museum,  
and you won't wish to go there a-  
gain; and as for other uses for money  
you will have none. Now as I shall be  
very busy during the day on the  
wharf, I will give you a little advice,  
Henry. In the first place do all in  
your power to please Mr. Cushing,  
for you will be dependent on him: be  
obliging and civil to the other clerks,  
but let none of them impose on you  
because you are from a country town;

for your father, let them know, my  
son, is a merchant, a major, and  
might have been a candidate for the  
legislature! Keep always well dressed,  
for that is a mark of respectability.  
The first wants of man in a state of  
nature are food, shelter and clothing,  
and so far as he is deficient in these  
he approaches the savage state. He  
who lives in the handsomest house,  
keeps the best table, and dresses the  
best, is the farthest removed from  
this rude condition—is civilized, or,  
in other words has attained to be a  
true and perfect gentleman. Dress, in  
a place like Boston, is the touchstone!  
Do you suppose Mr. Cushing would  
have treated me so politely and en-  
gaged you if I had gone to him in my  
old clothes? Not that I am not as  
much a gentleman in them as in  
these," he added, instantly retrieving  
his words. "Next to dress is behav-  
iour. Study politeness. A bow costs  
nothing, and a smile is fully as cheap.  
Flatter men if you wish to use them,  
and learn to keep your own secrets  
while you get at those of others. As  
every thing in a large city depends  
on outside appearances, for people  
haven't time to study the inside, you  
must appear everything you find you  
cannot be. This, I have found by my  
own experience, answers very well for  
the world. By all means preserve, my  
son, a good moral character, for, as  
your mother and I have always taught  
you, you are accountable to God for  
the way you keep your heart; but  
with regard to me, it is not of so  
much importance if you look to be  
rich; for there is little morality in a  
business way.

"An untruth told the way of  
trade is no falsehood and is often  
necessary. Do not therefore, if Mr.  
Cushing desires it, hesitate at this;  
but never, my son, tell a lie when  
there is nothing to be gained by it;  
of this is both folly and sin. Always  
attend church and never be out of  
nights nor go to the theatre, unless  
some one makes you a present of a  
ticket, for it is expensive. I won't  
forbid your going altogether, for the-  
atres are fashionable, and it is gen-



teel to attend them, and I want to see you a gentleman. Never be tempted to borrow money from the till, not a copper, nor appropriate anything in the store to your own use without leave. Write home once a month by private hand, but never send a letter or newspaper by mail, for this costs postage. It is better to trouble people if they do grumble if you can save a shilling or a quarter of a dollar. I never had a letter yet unless there was money in it that was worth a quarter of a dollar. So don't write unless you can send. Be careful to save every penny, and by and by

I hope to see you a rich and prosperous man keeping your own store, hiring your own clerks, and living in a good style as anybody in Boston."

Such was the character of the advice given by the worldly Mr. Harefoot to his son; being a singular mixture of craft and truth, of good and evil; the moral picture of his own life, conduct and principles. There is many a man of like principles and motives of action, doubtless, but few who have exhibited such candor in betraying their parti-colored morality.—(To be compared with advice being given today.)

## BACK ISSUES OF DIME NOVEL ROUND UP FOR SALE

Nos. 238 through 375, 15c each or \$1.50 per volume (12 consecutive numbers).

Nos. 376 to current issue, 30c each, or \$3.00 per volume.

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